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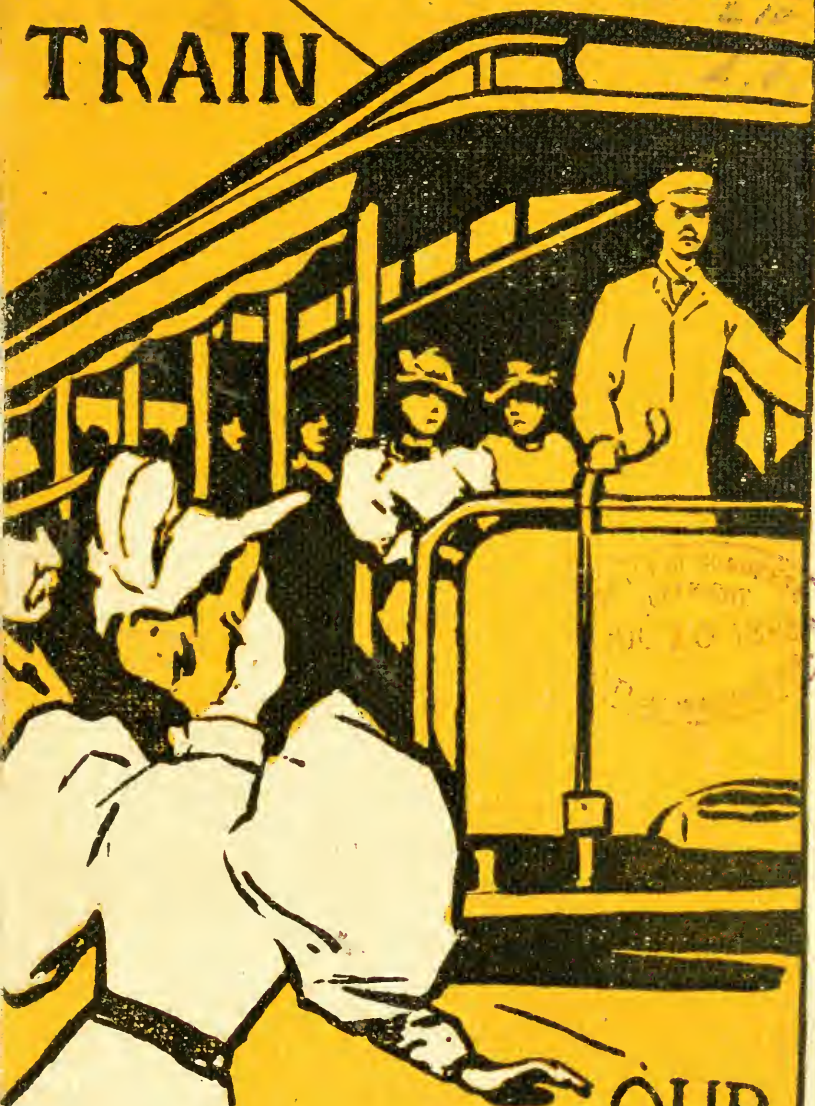
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BY BROOMSTICK TRAIN

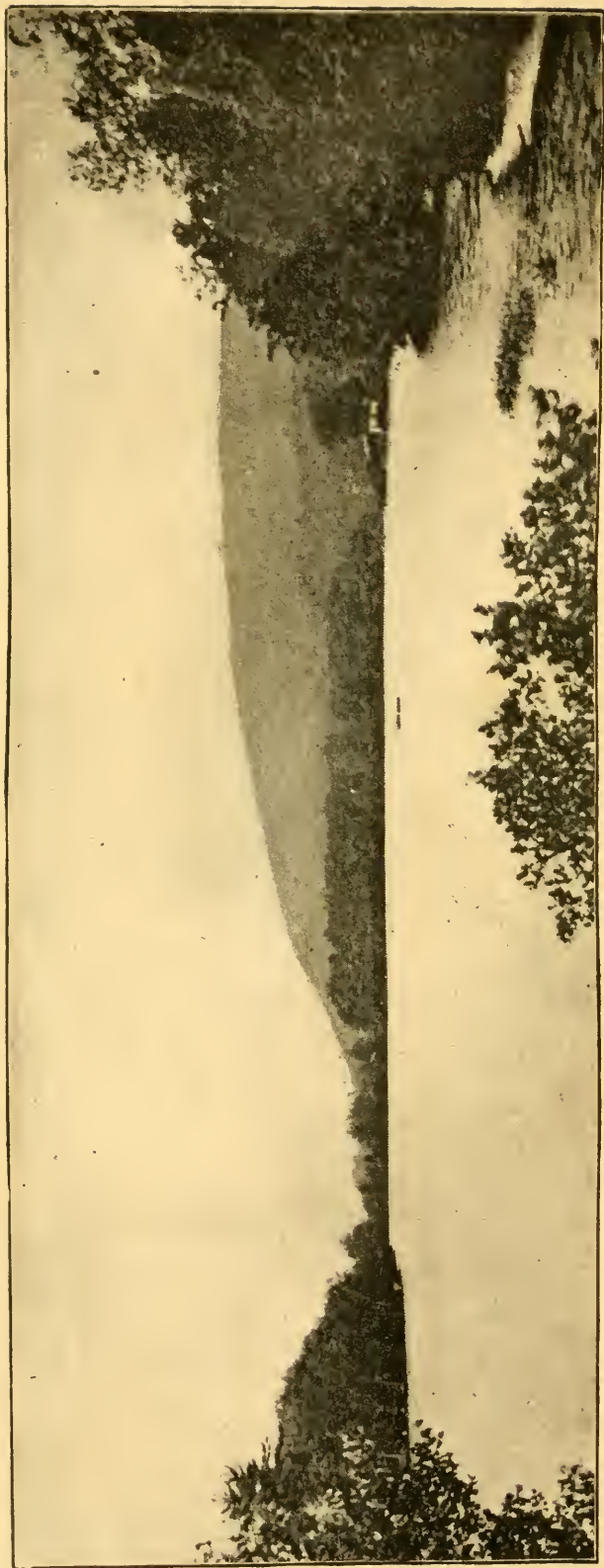


OUR
SUBURBS
AFOOT AND BY
TROLLEY

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HOOSICWHISICK POND AND THE GREAT BLUE HILL, MILTON.

By Broomstick Train



LITTLE JOURNEYS ABOUT

Boston's Suburbs

ON THE

ELECTRIC CARS



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1895



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*N*OW when the Boss of the Beldams found
That without his leave they were ramping round,
He called,—they could hear him twenty miles,
From Chelsea Beach to the Misery Isles ;

* * * * *

They came, of course, at their master's call,
The witches, the broomsticks, the cats, and all ;
He led the hags to a railway train
The horses were trying to drag in vain.
“Now, then,” says he, “you’ve had your fun,
And here are the cars you’ve got to run.
The driver may just unhitch his team,
We don’t want horses, we don’t want steam ;
You may keep your old black cats to hug,
But the loaded train you’ve got to lug.”
Since then on many a car you’ll see
A broomstick plain as plain can be ;
On every stick there’s a witch astride,—
The string you see to her leg is tied.
She will do a mischief if she can,
But the string is held by a careful man,
And whenever the evil-minded witch
Would cut some caper, he gives a twitch.
As for the hag, you can’t see her,
But hark ! you can hear her black cat’s purr,
And now and then, as a car goes by,
You may catch a gleam from her wicked eye.

* * * * *

[From The Broomstick Train.

By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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How to Become Acquainted
With
Boston's Suburbs.

HOW MANY PEOPLE who do not drive frequently are familiar with the general characteristics of the towns and cities which surround Boston within a radius of twenty miles? A very small percentage it is safe to say, and the worst feature of it is that there is no longer any excuse for it. It is no longer necessary to own a horse or to hire a stable carriage or even to ride a wheel to enjoy the beautiful rides and drives which lead out from this fair city on all sides. The entire country for miles around is now connected with a net work of electric street railway lines running comfortable open cars with great frequency over the best of roads and through the prettiest and most diversified country anywhere to be found.

It is safe to say that Bostonians when abroad in this or any other land on a summer's vacation trip would never allow themselves to return home from any other city boasting suburbs as charming as those of Boston and as readily accessible without paying them a visit. The excuse is ever ready that one cannot go to Europe or to the Yellowstone Park every day, but Bunker Hill Monument and the suburban car rides, like the poor, are always with us and can wait. That is all very well for him who does not remember that "procrastination is the thief of time." Visitors to our city are most appreciative of the car rides in this vicinity, and exclaim at the cheapness of the fares, and a good many Bostonians, too, know something about the cheapest rides, that long one out to Franklin Park, for instance—all for five cents. That, however, is no cheaper in comparison than plenty of other trips of which these same people are wholly ignorant.

There are two reasons why it is especially

timely to call the public attention to these enjoyable little journeys. In the first place, our city is to be the gathering place this summer of four great national conventions which, it is estimated, will together bring from 150,000 to 200,000 strangers within our gates. Many of these will visit relatives and friends living here, and all will be alive to the great store of wonderful things kept here for the edification—edification first in Boston, of course—and enjoyment of visitors. It will be pleasant for our fellow-townsmen, therefore, after showing off the Public Library, Art Museum, and some of the antiquities of the town—for it will naturally be impossible to exhaust them all—to be able to take their guests on a day's trip by electric about the surrounding country.

There is also the selfish side, which must be considered in these times when economy is a necessary virtue, and everyone cannot afford to take a long vacation away from home. For such the car jauntings are indeed a boon, and a dollar can be well spent on one now and then with the consciousness that one has had a good time and his money's worth besides. Such trips are not so costly but that one might even plan to enjoy one each week throughout the summer without feeling the cost or exhausting the territory to be covered. And the return for such an expenditure would be in a better knowledge of one's environment, of the people who are one's neighbors, and a realization that it is not necessary to journey hundreds of miles to find the picturesque, the beautiful and the enjoyable things of this world.

To facilitate matters for those who do not have the time to seek out the most enjoyable trips of this nature for themselves, the Transcript has here covered more or less extended routes for the benefit of its readers, giving helpful suggestions as to cars and points of interest along the way, fares, checks and transfers, that anyone may with this aid cover the whole or any part of such routes without meeting aggravating difficulties to mar the pleasure of the occasion.



FIRST TRIP.



*Nine Cities and
Towns Within Twenty
Miles of Boston Visited in a
Day's Ride on the Electric Cars and
Forty Miles of Inland and
Coast Roads Covered at a
Cost of Eighty Cents.*



THE FIRST of this series consists of a trip through the inland farming country north of Boston, some of the larger manufacturing towns and cities, favorite suburban residence sections, great public reservations, and several of the most noteworthy historical points and watering-places on the famous North Shore. In all nine cities and towns and nearly forty miles of street rails were traversed in the course of eight hours, a complete circuit being made, with not more than two miles of track being travelled twice. All of the routes given in this book can be readily reduced according to suggestions made along the way, or by starting in at any one of the points entered by the steam roads.

Although this city is especially blest with immediate suburbs of more than usual attractiveness, it has been deemed best on this trip, in view of the superior charms awaiting farther on, to pass as quickly and easily as possible out to a starting point some ten miles from Boston by steam train. Trains to Malden can be taken on week days and Sundays at frequent intervals from the Union station over the Western Division of the Boston & Maine road. The fare is ten cents, the distance eight miles, and the time taken in transit fifteen minutes. It is not an unpicturesque part of

the trip, however, out over the Mystic river with the broad, salt marshes teeming with color on the one hand, and on the other pretty stretches of landscape, with the river and bits of marsh in the foreground, the roofs and spires of intervening towns farther on, and the hills of Arlington and Winchester for a background.

Arrived at Malden, the traveller alights on the right-hand side of the train, and retraces his way beside the tracks to the main street of this part of the city. Here, turning left, a walk of five minutes through the principal business section of the place brings him to Malden square, with the Baptist church on one side and the street car station on the other, to serve as landmarks. Here begins the first stage of the journey proper, going three miles north to Melrose Highlands and the Stoneham line. All cars are plainly marked with their destinations and routes, so no time need be wasted on such particulars here. These cars leave Malden square every thirty minutes, twenty minutes of and ten minutes past the hour, in the morning, and every fifteen minutes in the afternoon weekdays, and all day on Sundays. Once aboard the car it takes but a few minutes to run up the tree-shaded street out of the city proper, and before one realizes how far he has gone, the conductor announces Fells Station, and looking to the left not more than three hundred yards away, a glimpse is had of the heights about Black Rock in the Middlesex Fells Reservation. This is in the edge of Melrose, and Wyoming station is the next point on the way before entering the business centre of Melrose. The town house is passed on the left, and the car shoots on to Ell Pond, a pretty little sheet of water, but somewhat disfigured by too numerous icehouses. The next stop is the Melrose Highlands car stables, twenty minutes from Malden square, where the line turns west. Just beyond where the track crosses Main street, if the traveller desires to cut his trip short about two miles, and leave the town of Stoneham out, he can change for Wakefield. These cars run every hour in the forenoon and every half-hour later in the day, and from the middle of June they will run every half-hour all day throughout the summer. The route is northerly through the pretty village of Greenwood, and is really a charming ride of about two miles. To proceed on the longer route the car runs on past the Boston & Maine crossing at Melrose Highlands to the Stoneham line, where the first five-cent fare stage ends and a change must be made. A wait of from

fifteen minutes to half an hour is sometimes necessary here, but as it is rather an interesting country,—not really romantic, perhaps, but yet interesting,—the traveller may jog along leisurely on foot till the car overtakes him.

It is but a mile and three-quarters to Stoneham square, but it costs five cents to ride it, and there a change is made from the Lynn & Boston line, which continues on to Woburn, Winchester and Medford and so back to Malden—a pretty ride part electric and part horse power—to the Wakefield & Stoneham Street Railway. A close connection is likely to be made at this point. Some of the cars to Wakefield—alternate ones as a rule—run through to the Lynn boundary, while others go only to Wakefield Centre. The traveller misses nothing either way, so let him take the first car he finds bound to Wakefield. Enough of Stoneham is seen to show that it is a shoe manufacturing place, and then the car mounts Farm Hill and begins a gradual descent into Wakefield. From this eminence, one of the highest points in the region, beautiful broad views may be had. Away on the right one looks northward across a broad valley to the hills about Danvers, and the great asylum buildings there are easily distinguishable. To the left one looks west across country to Mt. Wachusett.

Should the traveller find, on paying his fare—which is fifteen cents if on a through car to Lynn, or five cents if to Wakefield only, and fifteen cents on from there—that his car stops at Wakefield, he should ask for a check on the Reading line; it costs no more.

At Wakefield Centre he changes to the Reading car, and takes a brisk ride along the very shore of Quannapowitt Lake and out into the country a little way, a mile and a half all told. Here he will be dropped by the roadside at the Reading line, unless he pays five cents to continue and five cents more to come back with the car. The best plan is, perhaps, to stop at the line and walk slowly back till the car returning overtakes him. For five cents then paid he receives a check which transfers him to the Lynn car with which he makes a connection at Wakefield Centre. He pays over the check and enjoys a most delightful ride over a rural road to the Saugus line. The traveller is now enjoying the swift ride and the country scenes and smells so keenly that he does not in the least object to paying another nickel to allow him to continue on across Saugus. This is a much maligned town, and it will prove a delightful surprise to him who has been warned of journeying to Lynn by the Saugus branch without a trunk.

Now pretty willows skirt the road and a mill pond shimmers in the sunlight through the leaves; now it is by fields or pastures with grazing herds of cows; again it is between some rugged, rocky little hills, well wooded, that the road runs and then dives into a heavy growth of pine, oak and hickory and along the shore of Birch Pond. All the while the car flies on with trolley screeching overhead at a too rapid rate for one who would like to linger here with nature. At Lynnhurst, on the edge of Lynn, another change is made back to the Lynn & Boston Railroad, and the journey to the sea begins.

Up to this point two hours and twenty minutes have been consumed since leaving Malden square; 25 minutes to Melrose Highlands, 30 minutes to wait, 10 to Stoneham, 15 to Wakefield, 30 to Reading and 30 to Lynnhurst. Another fare of five cents carries the traveller along the outskirts of Lynn Woods Reservation, where is located the celebrated Dungeon Rock, an enormous cavern where Kidd or some other pirate—which is an injustice to Kidd, as he never was a pirate—was supposed to have hidden treasure. A good idea is also had of Lynn's residence, manufacturing and business sections along this route. When the fare is paid on this car the conductor should be asked if he will make the best connections with the Salem or the Marblehead line, and a check should be secured for whichever one seems best. The writer found his closest change on the Salem line, and that route will therefore be followed out here. The change is made in the square in front of the Boston & Maine station at Lynn, and care should be taken to read the car signs, as there are several lines running past this point. Assuming for the nonce that the traveller goes by way of Salem, the thickly settled part of Lynn is soon left behind and the car proceeds for some three miles through Upper Swampscott and a most diversified country of rocks, woods and fields. The difference in the landscape and the air is at once felt, however, between this and Saugus. It is the influence of the sea, and the saltiness in the atmosphere invigorates the traveller to meet what is yet in store. Speeding over the broad turnpike past the new normal school building, the car rounds into Salem; dignified, historic Salem. The track runs through one of the prettiest residence streets in the town down to the business centre, the railroad station and the famed long tunnel by the head of which the car stops. This point is five miles from Lynn and forty-five minutes have been required to cover it. The traveller has paid

over his check and later another five-cent piece and now he awaits a car to Marblehead.

These cars leave Salem Tunnel on the hour and thirty minutes past, all day, so that if the wanderer desires to spend a little time in Salem he can do so without much loss on his schedule. Right within gun-shot of the tunnel, one might say, on one hand or the other lie the most interesting historical points in Salem, and hours or minutes may be profitably passed there. From the tunnel, cars may be taken also to Beverly, Peabody and Wenham, or to Salem Willows, all beautiful trips, but not included in this itinerary. Once out of the city, on the old Salem and Marblehead road, fine scenery is spread out again before the traveller. On the right, broad, green meadows stretch away to the low, cedar-covered hills beyond. On the left, the road skirts the head of Salem's pretty harbor, and the first sight of the sea is had looking down the harbor to the high and woody coast of the North Shore. Then come the farms on the outskirts of Marblehead and in front rise the tower of Abbott Hall, the standpipe and the spires of the old town. Devereaux Station on the Boston & Maine road is passed and the driving road to Marblehead Neck just beyond. Barges run from here at intervals to the Neck, but the car continues into and through the rambling old town to Fort Sewall at the farthestmost point overlooking the sea. Forty minutes will be needed for the run from Salem to Marblehead Fort and the fare is five cents. Assuming that one has run straight through without any sight-seeing in Salem, the trip has occupied four hours and a half from Malden to this point, and with a further assumption that the traveller set out at the convenient hour of eight o'clock for his day's trip he would now naturally begin to feel the craving for a little bite of luncheon. It is the best plan to carry luncheon on this trip, for the restaurants along the way are uncertain affairs, and the car stations furnish nothing more filling than pickled limes and soda water. Fort Sewall will therefore be found a convenient lunching-point, for, while comfortably munching sandwiches on the grassy parapet or on the rocks by the sea below, the eye can wander forth over the harbor with its summer fleet of yachts, the Neck and its cottage settlement, and the broad Atlantic beyond. After lunch, if one has a taste for such things, the old burying-ground on the hill hard by will prove of interest, with its old stones and quaint epitaphs.

Now the traveller is homeward bound, and

the car winds once more through the crazy streets of the queer old town, out over the highly cultivated farms and on to lower Swampscott, and skirts the shore by the long beaches and up through the opposite side of Lynn to that traversed going out. From Marblehead to Lynn is seven miles, and the fare is ten cents. At Lynn the last change of cars is made and the final stage of the journey embarked upon. In coming down from Wakefield the car passed through North Saugus, now a car to Malden via Saugus Centre should be taken, a trip of eight miles, through a pretty, open farming country, the town of Saugus, the village of Cliftondale and the suburbs of Malden, which is covered in an hour, and at a charge of ten cents. From Malden the steam train is again taken for Boston, and for the sum of eighty cents the circuit of forty miles has been covered in the course of one easy day of riding in the people's coaches.



Old Marblehead from the Neck.

SECOND TRIP.



*Through Brookline,
the Newtons, Waltham,
Watertown and Cambridge—A
Ride of Twenty-Nine Miles, Costing
Less Than Fifty Cents — Luncheon on
Prospect Hill, Waltham, Where
the Tourist Gets One of
the Finest Views
in the State.*



IN THE TRIP preceding this having outlined one of the longest electric car rides in this vicinity, it is proposed to follow a shorter route this time, and enjoy one covering fewer miles of track, but, if possible, one more replete with points of interest, and traversing little or no country that is lacking in something of the picturesque. The route covers in all about twenty-nine miles, and includes some of the wealthiest and most popular residence districts found within a radius of a dozen miles of the Hub. Many Bostonians know of "The Newtons," but in travelling to them by train on the Albany circuit road one is so twirled about the township as to be completely dazed, and few outside of actual residents of the city of Newton itself could tell offhand in what geographical part of its territory its various centres are located. This trip covers all the principal Newtons, and Brookline, Waltham, Watertown and Cambridge as well.

From the very outset the route is one which will prove of great interest to strangers in the city as the first stage begins in front of the Granary Burying Ground, where lie the remains of the parents of Benjamin Franklin, and where are also buried John Hancock, Samuel Adams,

besides many of the city's patriots and gentlefolk of long ago. A car for Reservoir is to be taken, and as there are two lines running there from this point, one of blue cars by way of Brookline Centre and one of brown cars by way of Beacon street, a word of caution should here be given to take a brown car. This is by far the prettier route, as well as the shorter. Bostonians know the first stage of this trip and its beauties full well, as it is a favorite car ride and drive, and they will pardon the details of the road, which are given for the benefit of strangers. Passing along Tremont street, with the Common on the right and the large retail stores on the left, the visitor will at once recognize in the endless string of cars and vehicles, and the surging crowds of people, the great need for the subway, the initial work on which is seen on turning into Boylston street at the farther side of the Common. Here on the left, just out of Tremont street, is the old Public Library building, so recently deserted for the magnificent structure soon to be passed a little farther on. The Common passed, the Public Garden is reached and in turn left behind, and the next point of interest is the building of the Boston Society of Natural History, on the corner of Berkeley street, and next to it the two main buildings of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. And now comes one of Boston's chief prides, Copley square, with Trinity Church on the left, the Art Museum beyond, the new Public Library at the head of the square, and opposite it, on Boylston street, the Old South Church. The car continues across the square and out Boylston street, and on the left, next to the library, is the Harvard Medical School. Now the traveller can rest a brief space to digest what he has seen, and as the car nears Massachusetts avenue, where it turns north, one looks out upon a bit of the Back Bay Fens, with tall Lombardy poplars skirting the drive, and across to the hills in Roxbury and Brookline. On crossing Commonwealth avenue one can look to the right down that magnificent street to the Public Garden, and to the tall shaft of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument on the Common; and to the left and take a passing look at the statue of Leif Ericsson and at the Fenway once more. As the car turns west on to Beacon street a glance should be taken up this famous street to the gilded dome of the State House, surmounting the hill, and out upon the Harvard Bridge, which carries Massachusetts avenue over the Charles River basin.

Here the motorman turns on a little more current, as the way lies straight as an arrow

before him to Reservoir, and the car speeds away, intersecting Commonwealth avenue boulevard once more and out into Brookline. Along the broad avenue over which the car travels in its own pretty roadway between lines of turf and trees, leaving a wide drive each side, are the residences of some of Boston's wealthiest men. Coolidge's Corner is soon reached, and just beyond on the right rises Corey Hill. The road skirts the base of the hill and gradually climbs up to a higher grade as Chestnut Hill is neared, and all the way one is treated to a feast of the most exquisite architectural examples and beautifully laid out private grounds. Just before reaching the terminus of the line at Reservoir, the car passes once more into the territory of the city of Boston. It is worth while to take a few minutes to walk over to the reservoir grounds, the Mecca of the riding and driving public for miles around. Here the water is brought down by two aqueducts from Lake Cochituate and the Sudbury River to supply Boston's high service; and the great pumps at the station over near the Boston & Albany tracks will also be worth visiting.

Being near to the Reservoir station on the Albany road, the traveller can secure a timetable which will show the schedule of trains to Newton Upper Falls. On week days these trains reach Reservoir at 8.20, 10.36 and 12.36, and on Sundays at 10.31 and 1 o'clock. A choice of two routes from this point into Newton is at the disposition of the traveller. One by steam train to the Upper Falls, if one wishes to visit the noted Echo Bridge, which brings the Sudbury River aqueduct over the Charles River; the other by barge to Newton Centre if one wishes to cut the Upper Falls and Newton Highlands. Of the two routes the former is the one recommended to strangers in the city, while the latter will cut the trip short a few miles. Something of Newton Centre can be seen from the steam train en route to the Upper Falls, but this latter point and the Highlands cannot be reached by the barge route without necessitating a doubling on one's tracks for several miles. The fare by barge is ten cents to Newton Centre, a distance of about two and one-half miles, and five cents from there by electric to connect with the Newtonville line, about one mile. The distance from Reservoir to the Upper Falls by rail is about five miles and the fare is fourteen cents. In the long run there is almost nothing saved by taking the shorter route, while Echo Bridge is lost. In this article the longer route will be followed, as it is believed that strangers will

enjoy it better. The barges, it may be said in passing, run on a somewhat erratic schedule, averaging about one every forty minutes. This is only a temporary line, to be succeeded by an electric road, which is now building.

By train from Reservoir the traveller passes through a lovely country of hill and dale, woods and pastures, with glimpses of fine residences here and there, and Chestnut Hill station is passed, just in the edge of Newton. The next stop is Newton Centre; then on past the shore of Crystal Lake, a charming little sheet of water, with residences along the opposite bank. Next comes Newton Highlands, more open fields, and Upper Falls is reached, and the traveller alights. Taking the street which comes across the tracks, one walks up the hill to the electric-car line, then turns to the left, following the track along the ridge to Winter street. Proceeding down this short street into a little countrified square with a drinking fountain, a store and a church, a turn to the right is made around the store, and the granite arches of Echo bridge rise before one. Let the traveller go down by the river's edge to the little gallery under the broad span and try the echo, and muse a bit upon the grand picturesqueness of the spot, listen to the rush of the water through the sluice of the mill just above, and watch the black stream flowing down between the high and wooded banks to turn other wheels before resting from its labors in the sea. Retracing one's steps to the car tracks at the head of Winter street, the waiting-room is found just around the corner to the left, but as these cars run every twenty minutes, beginning on the hour, there need be but little time wasted here. The walk from the steam road to Echo bridge may seem long as here described, but in reality it requires only ten minutes to cover at one's leisure. Moreover, at noon one can get in a restaurant near by, for so modest a price as to surprise the visitor, a wholesome and satisfactory luncheon, the fare being varied, the dishes well cooked and the appointments neat.

The route from this point to Newtonville is by way of Newton Highlands, a distance of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and if it is desired to cut the trip to Waltham a check can be had to Watertown centre for seven cents. Otherwise the fare is five cents to Newtonville. It is a pleasant ride all the way through tree-shaded streets, and before one is out of the limits of this pretty city it becomes apparent that its title of the "Garden City," is well deserved. At a point just out of Newton Highlands where the car track crosses Homer street, the cars from New-

ton Centre before referred to make connection. Arrived at the Boston & Albany tracks in Newtonville, a change must be made to the Waltham or Watertown cars, which are found just across the railroad. To Watertown it is about a mile and three-quarters, where connection is made with the West End company's cars for Mt. Auburn, Harvard Square and Boston. Through West Newton to Waltham is a trip of about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles for a five-cent fare. One would naturally suppose that Newton Centre would be the place where the city fathers would hold forth, but such is not the case, and the traveller on this trip will pass the city hall in West Newton, an unpretentious wooden building on the right, and apparently not half big enough for the transaction of such a municipality's affairs. More open country is reached just outside of this village, and the car passes through the outskirts of Auburndale, which is also a part of Newton, wherein is located Lasell Seminary. As the Waltham line is neared, the Charles River comes into view on the left, and across the valley the hills in Wellesley rise. Waltham watches being of world-wide fame, it will be interesting to see the factory where they are made. The car passes its doors. Crossing the river just beyond, the cotton mills of the Boston Manufacturing Company are passed on the right, and just over the Fitchburg railroad tracks one comes to Waltham Common. Here a change may be made for Watertown Centre, or, continuing on board the car, one is taken up Main street to the outer edge of the city, passing on the way the home of the late General Banks. The car stops at the foot of Prospect Hill, where the western terminus of this trip is reached. Nineteen miles have thus been covered by steam and electric road in about three hours, including two stops of fifteen or twenty minutes each.

It would now, in the natural order of things, be about luncheon time, and if the suggestion made in the former article to carry a sandwich or two along has been followed, some attractive places can now be pointed out for enjoying the noonday repast. It may be that some will be drawn to the river for their nooning, and for such there will be found good boats and canoes in abundance at a moderate rental at the bridge near the cotton mill passed a little way back. The car should be left at the bridge by those who prefer to paddle up this most delightful stretch of river, which may be followed without a portage for several miles, up past Auburndale to Newton Lower Falls. Such an extended trip, however, would

not be possible if one intended to complete the car trip the same day. For those who prefer to take to the woods, and can do a mild amount of hill-climbing by good roads and paths, Prospect Hill Park will prove alluring. Here is the whole upper part of this superb hill, 420 feet above the sea, set apart by the city of Waltham as a wild park for public enjoyment. A leisurely tramp of twenty minutes will take one from the car terminus to a delightful spot for lunching. Take the little country road that leads off from Main street on the right, and follow its windings up the hill until a big white sign board, bearing the rules and regulations of the Park Department, is met on the right. Now look sharp on this same side for a well-beaten trail that leads away into the woods and along the hillsides. No guideboard marks it, but many feet have trod it, and it should be followed, as it saves steps. Here the traveller breathes in the odor of the pines and cedars in passing, and listens to the breeze whispering in the oak tops just beyond, and straightway opens his eyes to their widest to take in the majestic panorama spread before him. There, on a bald ledge jutting out from a shoulder of the hill, is an ideal luncheon table, and, while eating, one may take a bird's-eye view of the country so recently travelled over, and that soon to be covered, and many square miles besides. Almost due east is the State House dome, a spot of burning gold, the city and its smoky pall at its base; north and in the middle distance are the hills of Arlington and Belmont, the new buildings of the McLean Asylum being seen on the southerly shoulder. South of Boston are the Brookline Hills, the Blue Hills range in Milton, a dim line of hills far south, and nearer and to the westward the Wellesley hills. In the valley lies Waltham and Newton, with glimpses of the river through the trees.

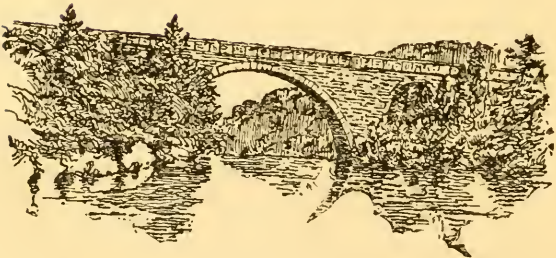
Thoroughly rested in mind and body, and refreshed with the bite of lunch, one is prepared to follow the path up from the ledge to the summit of the hill, an easy climb of another one hundred feet. It is worth almost any exertion, for from the benches on the topmost rock a wide range is had in every direction. The sea to the east; Beacon Pole Hill and Woonsocket Hill in Rhode Island to the south; Mt. Wachusett to the west, and a little farther north Grand Monadnock, 3170 feet above the sea, and Pack Monadnock, 2260 feet, just over the New Hampshire line; Sunapee mountain, Joe English hill in New Boston, N. H., Kearsarge mountain, the Unconnaunuck mountains, and due north the city of Lowell is

betrayed by the smoke cloud from its mills. It will be difficult to tear one's self away from the charm of this wonderful view, but there still remain other sights along the route.

A little change will be experienced by following the carriage drive down the hill to the cars. The cars leave the hill every fifteen minutes, beginning on the hour, and to continue on to Watertown centre a transfer should be secured from the conductor for the five cent fare. At Waltham Common the change is made to the Watertown car, which leaves every twenty minutes, beginning at ten minutes past the hour. This is a ride of four miles, the first part being through the business section of Waltham, thence into the best residence part, over a fine, wide, tree-shaded street, with handsomely kept places on each side. Grove Hill Cemetery is passed on the right, and then the farming section is entered, which extends to the very edge of Watertown village. Another change is made here, which may be the final one, if the traveller desires to go into Boston over the West Boston Bridge to Bowdoin square. The fare will then be ten cents; but if it is preferred to go into the city by the Harvard Bridge, a five-cent fare may be paid, and another change at Harvard square to a Tremont House car will take one back to the starting point in the morning. A close connection is usually made at Watertown, but as the cars run every ten minutes, the wait will be short at the most. It is a pleasant ride down through Watertown, though nothing of great interest is passed until Mt. Auburn is reached, just before entering Cambridge. The car follows along beside the cemetery for some distance, so that a good idea of this famous resting place of the dead may be had without making a special pilgrimage within its portals. After passing the cemetery Cambridge is entered, and on the left at the first corner a glimpse may be had through the trees of James Russell Lowell's old home, Elmwood. The car follows the river bank into Harvard square, and on the right is the Cambridge city hospital, and a little farther on Longfellow Park is passed on the left, leaving an open vista through from the poet's stately colonial house on Brattle street to the river and the marshes. Then comes Harvard square, with the college yard and buildings on the left, and the traveller may here be allowed to select for himself one of three ways to return to the city: by the car on which he has come, in to Bowdoin square over the West Boston Bridge; by a Tremont House car via Harvard Bridge and the Back Bay; or

by a Broadway car via East Cambridge. The pleasantest route is by way of the Harvard Bridge.

This completes the twenty-nine miles' ride, which, including stops at Reservoir and Echo Bridge of twenty minutes each, and one at Prospect Hill of an hour and thirty minutes, has required six hours, and cost forty-four cents.



Echo Bridge, Newton.

THIRD TRIP.



*To Nantasket
Beach Through Quincy
and Weymouth—An Easy
Journey by Street Car, Steam Car,
Afoot and Afloat, Visiting the Coast
Towns South of Boston—Sixty-one
Cents for the Round Trip of
Thirty-five-and-a-
Half Miles.*



ONE OF THE TRIPS that will prove most delightful for a midsummer day is that to Nantasket Beach. No one would wish to sacrifice the delightful steam across Boston harbor in the course of a visit to this celebrated beach for the sake of an electric car ride, but when both can be combined in a thoroughly enjoyable way the advantages will be readily appreciated. To those who know Boston harbor like a book it will furnish a pleasing variety. Old Dorchester, now rejuvenated with a new beauty quite its own, is a part of this city which every stranger should visit, and on the route here laid down it is included in the first stage. Then there is Quincy, the home of the Adamses, and further famed for its extensive quarries of fine granite. Weymouth and Hingham, two of the oldest towns on the South Shore, are also included, and lastly the open Atlantic.

As there are certain to be some who, for one cause or another, find any extended walking inconvenient, it has been the aim in these chapters to suggest all-rail substitutes, as far as possible, for any parts of trips which have included short walks. In an effort to take the

traveller over the most interesting section of country, however, it has sometimes been necessary to introduce a little walking, and it should be borne in mind that, as a rule, the substitute routes are not so pleasant as those followed here. At the outset on this occasion, therefore, there will be laid out a way for the non-pedestrian. There is a line of blue cars which starts at the Union Station and runs up Washington street and out to Neponset Bridge, and the Quincy line, via Mt. Pleasant and Fields Corner. This is probably the longest five-cent ride within the city limits. It is not an unpleasant route either, and by taking it the cost of the trip may be reduced five cents, and three-quarters of a mile of walking eliminated. But the route to be followed here has its beginning at the corner of Washington and Franklin streets on a Meeting House Hill and Upham's Corner car which also is painted blue. In order to go through with comfort and to make good connections with the Old Colony road, which must be taken for a short stage to the beach, it is necessary to set out not later than nine o'clock if luncheon is to be taken at Nantasket, or at noon if an evening sail up the harbor is sought. These are the only hours at which one may start and make connections.

The car winds around a block and comes back onto Washington street by way of Summer street, and the traveller will find on any week day plenty of human interest along the way through the retail dry goods centre and farther on among the smaller stores. When just in the edge of Roxbury, the car swings off through Eustis street past the old burying ground where lies the dust of Governor Dudley of Colonial times and his family, and of Eliot, the apostle to the Indians. It will, therefore, be easy for the stranger to understand the significance of the name of Dudley street, into which the car turns directly, Upham's Corner is the next point where the car takes another turn leaving the old Dorchester graveyard on the left. In this ground are many ancient gravestones, indicating the enclosure to have been the burial place of the earliest settlers of the town, which dates its history back to 1630. In this old cemetery, among his ancestors, is also buried the famous statesman and orator Edward Everett. By the presence of an occasional small orchard and garden plot one is reminded that the turmoil of the town is being left behind, and as the car climbs Meeting House Hill just beyond, past the fountain and St. Peter's Catholic Church, if the traveller will look back and to the left a little the picturesque

belfry and steeple of the historic old First Parish Meeting House with the ancient Lyceum Hall by its side may be seen through the trees. Just beyond St. Peter's, and set well back from the street with a broad field in front, stands one of the old Dorchester mansions, the home of a Standard Oil magnate. Now the car descends the hill, and off to the left and ahead the Blue Hills of Milton, always a hazy blue in tone, roll out across the horizon. All this section once belonged to large estates, but within a few years they have been cut up with streets, and houses have grown upon their borders with a rapidity which one is accustomed to see generally in Western towns only. Some of the old mansion houses still remain to lend their picturesqueness to what is fast becoming commonplace.

As the car swings to the left from Bowdoin street into "old" Washington street the traveler should turn his attention to the left-hand side of the road and presently there will open a pretty view looking out across Dorchester and down the length of Dorchester Bay to the harbor and its islands. The eye next rests on the stately old mansion house formerly owned by Walter Baker of chocolate-making fame, and now occupied as a gold-cure retreat. This is one of the fashionable localities of Dorchester and most of the residences are of comparatively recent date. Melville avenue is soon reached, the ride of seven miles from the starting point having occupied forty-five minutes. This is the point where the most extended walk of the trip comes in, but as it is down as pretty a street as can be found, between beautifully tended private grounds and artistic houses for much of the way, there is plenty to interest the wanderer. By an easy walk of ten minutes one crosses the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad tracks to Dorchester avenue. One should not stop here, however, although it is easy to be deceived by the trolley wires and tracks into believing that this is the point sought. Cross the avenue and continue down Parkman street a short distance, not over a five-minute walk, to Neponset avenue, where a car for Neponset bridge should be taken. This is a mile and a quarter or so, and a brisk ride of five minutes down the hill lands one at the waiting-room on the Boston side of the bridge and the starting-point of the Quincy cars. Should a car for Neponset "depot"—as the street car people persist in calling the steam railroad station—chance to come along while one is waiting at the Parkman street corner, it may be taken, if a walk of two minutes is not objectionable. As this car turns off from Neponset avenue to Walnut street the

traveller should alight where it turns and walk out the avenue to the bridge.

Here the Neponset River forms the dividing line between Quincy and Boston. It is by far the most attractive of the tidal rivers about Boston. The stream is narrower than the lower Mystic and Charles on the north of the city; its receding tides leave no broad mud flats along its borders, no seawalls girt its bank and no grimy railroad bridges with gallows-like draw-frames, and no tenements or factories intercept the view. The Neponset comes winding along through broad downs from Dedham, Hyde Park and Milton to feed the sea through the waters of Dorchester Bay. From the bridge, beside which the car station stands, one can enjoy the charming picture looking up stream across the downs, with bits of woodland in the middle distance, to the ever-present Milton Hills. Every half-hour the cars of the Quincy & Boston road leave Neponset Bridge for Quincy Centre; and on paying the conductor, an eight-cent check to North Weymouth should be asked for. On this ride of about twenty minutes the traveller crosses the picturesque Norfolk Downs, passes through the cooling shade of Wollaston's elm-lined streets, under the shadow of Wollaston Heights, which rise to the left, and into the middle of the city of Quincy. This is the old home of the Adams family, and the old homestead of Charles Francis Adams is passed on the right just before entering the square. A change is made at this point for an East Weymouth car. To cover this stage of the journey, six miles in all, the check secured on the car just left behind, together with another nickel, must be paid. A pleasant ride of twenty minutes takes one to Quincy Point, where a steamer may be taken once an hour across Hingham Bay to Sagamore Hill, near Nantasket. Practically neither time nor money is saved by this deviation, and much is lost, for the Weymouth and Hingham country is full of beauty.

From Quincy Point the car crosses Weymouth Fore River, so-called to distinguish it from Weymouth Back River, which will be met farther on at East Weymouth Station. Quincy has now been crossed and Braintree left up stream to the right, and now Weymouth is before the traveller. A five-minute run brings one to Thomas's Corner in North Weymouth, where the level country is left behind and the car goes plunging along at high speed up hill and down dale, around curves, past farms and their snug little cottages, through woods to the steam railroad station at North Weymouth. As the car climbs the hill from the station

one looks back through the elm branches to Boston and off to the right to the Blue Hills once more. This eminence up which the car toils is King Oak Hill, so-called from the giant oak that until recent years crowned its height. Under this oak, so it is said, the first settlers in Weymouth camped and gave the hill and the tree its name. Weymouth Centre is entered just beyond, from which point a car can be taken for Braintree, should one care to visit that town. It is but a short distance from the Centre to East Weymouth where the electric line comes to an abrupt ending and the steam train must be sought. The car is due at East Weymouth at 11.35, and as the train does not leave for Nantasket until 12.03, more than ample time is afforded for the short but pretty walk over to the Old Colony station. Alighting from the electric on the left one should continue to bear by the same hand and take the street leading out of the square around the corner of the waiting-room. Keep on past a little pond and at its farther end a path will be discovered turning in to the left from the street. Let the traveller follow its windings out upon the bank of a little creek, which is the Weymouth Back River previously spoken of. The path continues to the railroad embankment and the station.

Now is the time for one to discuss how the remainder of the day shall be spent. The cars can be taken to Nantasket station, where the beach can be visited, or a close connection made with the boat for Boston. To Nantasket the fare is thirteen cents, and for ten cents additional one can continue up the beach on the cars to Pemberton at the extreme end of Hull and connect with the boat from Nantasket for Boston. Most people it is believed will prefer to stop at the beach for luncheon, so that route will be here detailed. It is only three miles from East Weymouth to Old Colony House station in Hingham, where a change is made to the beach branch; but it is an interesting trip even on a stuffy steam train. It is a succession of fields and orchards into Hingham Centre, where a glimpse is had of some of the old colonial-built houses with weather-beaten shingles and pale-green doors ornamented with heavy brasses. After the first of July the beach road is to be operated by electricity, so that the only break in the chain from Boston to the beach will be on the three miles just travelled from East Weymouth. It is proposed to operate seventy-five trains a day each way between Old Colony House and Pemberton. This road runs along the Weir (pronounced Ware) River down to Nantasket Beach.

Here is the chance for young and old, rich

and poor, to enjoy an outing by the seaside. The basket luncheon parties can find plenty of places for enjoying their refreshments and the innumerable restaurants and hotels set forth every known form of sea fish for their guests. There is no end of opportunities for the entertainment of one's self. There is the long, hard beach with the surf breaking in from the open Atlantic, where one may wander in search of smooth sea-washed stones and shells; the rocks at the southern end of the sand, where sea urchins, star fish and crabs abound; here also, one can indulge in all the follies of a popular beach resort and patronize no end of shows, merry-go-rounds, and nickel-in-the-slot machines; or, if tired of these attractions, he finds the broad verandas and shelters where one may sit and watch the tide of humanity flowing as ceaselessly as the sea out yonder, or study the moods of the ocean stretching away from Minot's Ledge Light on the south to Strawberry Hill and the North Shore. There are also the barges and carriages which one may patronize for a drive over the famous Jerusalem road down the Cohasset shore. It is at least a good place to pass an hour and a half for luncheon, and if one does not care to tarry longer the two o'clock boat may be taken for the city. This steam of twelve miles up Boston's harbor will be one of the pleasantest features of the journey for strangers and is to be had for the price of twenty-five cents. Presumably one not familiar with the harbor will provide himself with a cheap map of the bay from which to pick out the points of interest along the way so that only the chief landmarks will be denoted here. After passing out of Hingham Bay past Pemberton, Fort Warren is seen on the right; farther up the harbor on the left Long Island head and light and the pauper institutions and hospitals of the city of Boston, and across the channel to the right of the steamer's course the House of Industry at Deer Island. Here President Roads is entered, and just above, off the mouth of Dorchester Bay, Castle Island, once Fort Independence, and now connected with Boston's park system, is seen, and across the channel once more the grassy parapets of the Fort Winthrop battery rise on Governor's Island. The city is reached in an hour and ten minutes from the beach, and the day's journey of thirty-five and one-half miles has been covered, with a stop of an hour and a half for luncheon at Nantasket, in a little more than six hours, and at the cost of sixty-one cents.

FOURTH TRIP.



*A Jaunt for a
Half-Holiday — Twenty-
Seven Miles by Electrics, Steam
and Afoot, Through Roxbury, Hyde
Park, Dedham, West Roxbury and the
Parkway—Four Hours of Travel
and Sight-Seeing at a Cost
of Twenty - two
Cents.*

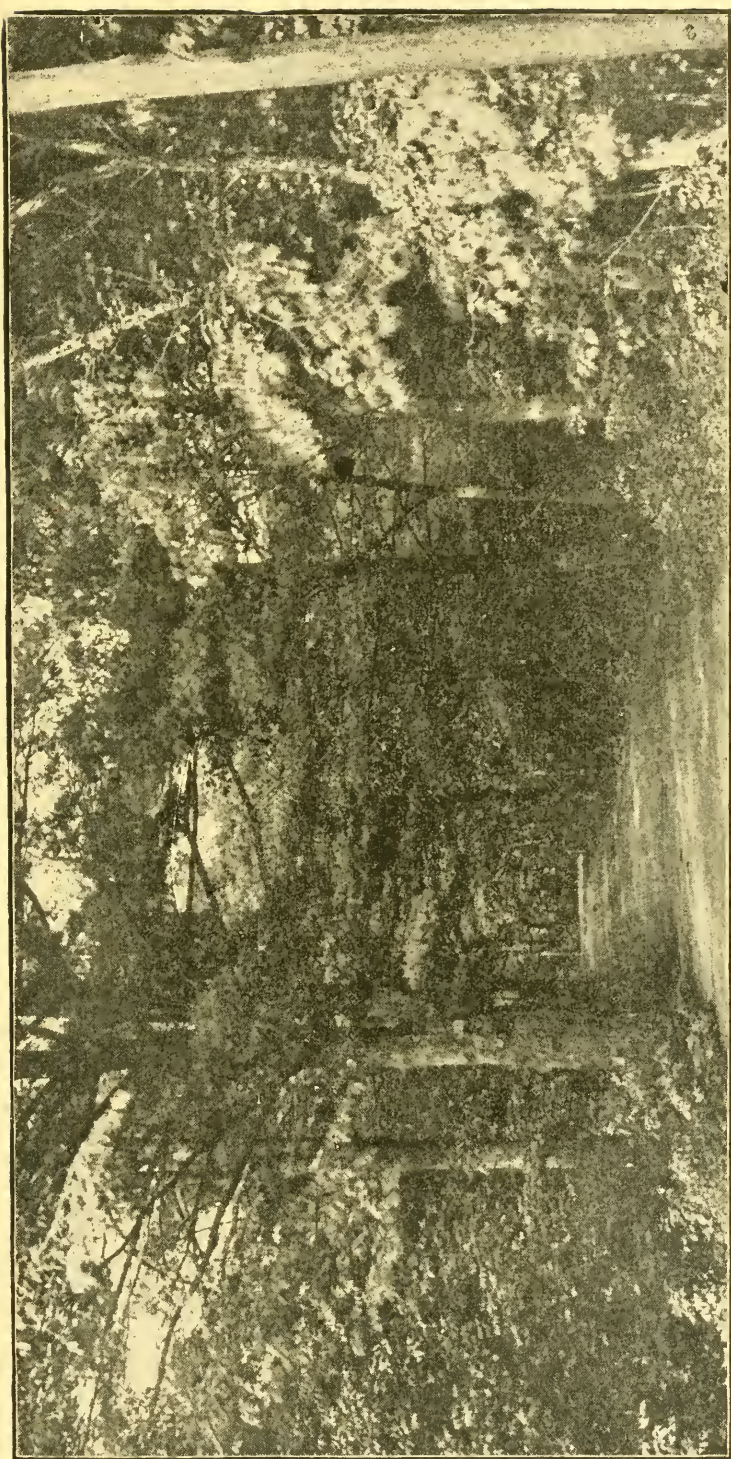


AFTER JOURNEYING north, west and south of Boston by electric car, and being unable to complete the round of the compass owing to the physical nature of the city's eastern boundary, the succeeding trips will be run in between the first three to show how thoroughly the surrounding districts can be covered with interest. The present route is out to the county seat of Norfolk County, at Dedham, by way of Hyde Park, returning through West Roxbury and the Parkway to the city; in all, fifteen miles by electric car, five by steam train and a walk of from one to two miles. The previous trips have been designed for all-day jaunts, and while it is possible to extend the present one in several ways so as to make an easy day of it, the object is to suggest a comfortable route for a half-holiday outing. As laid out here, the entire trip can be completed in four hours or a little more, and it is possible to cover the major part of the round in even less time. For comfort and thoroughness, however, not less than four hours should be allowed.

A car for Forest Hills, which begins its outward run at the Union Station, is the first conveyance on this route. Cars also pass the Tremont House stand, and may be taken there;

but care should be used to scrutinize closely the signs, as two lines of Eggleston Square cars run outward from this point. Both lines are of dark green cars, and both have "Eggleston Square" painted on the dash-boards, but the signs over the platforms are the distinguishing marks. Those of the Union Station line read "Forest Hills," while those of the Tremont House line read "Green Street." The traveller should take the Forest Hills line and avoid a walk of half a mile, or perhaps more. As is mentioned above, both lines may be taken at the Tremont House stand. These cars run every ten minutes on week days and every five minutes on Sundays. This is not what one would call an ideally picturesque route for the first two or three miles, but it has the redeeming virtue of taking a stranger through an entirely different section of the city from any traversed in the foregoing trips. From Tremont street the car runs into Shawmut avenue, and follows it from its beginning to its end under the trees of Guild Row in Roxbury. At this point the car turns to the left past the site of the First Universalist Church, in Roxbury, which building, until its destruction by fire, a couple of years ago, was one of the striking features of the section. Just back of this site on the hill, but not visible from the car, stands the old church of the First Religious Society in Roxbury (Unitarian), where Dr. Putnam preached during his lifetime. Just out of Guild Row the car crosses to Washington street, passes the precipitous Tommy's Rocks on the left, and gives one a pleasant ride out to the Forest Hills station of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. At Dale street one gets on the left a glimpse of Washington Park, and a little farther on there are seen on the right the Notre Dame Academy, and near by the New England Hospital for Women and Children. This run of six miles requires about forty minutes, and the fare is only five cents.

The West End Street Railway Company is deserted at Forest Hills for the new Norfolk Suburban Street Railway Company, whose cars leave the station every half-hour on week days, and every fifteen minutes on Sundays. By figuring a little beforehand and allowing a few minutes' leeway for ordinary delays, a good connection can be made on this change and a long wait avoided. Before getting under way for Norfolk County, however, it should be mentioned that over to the left, about five minutes' walk, are the entrances to Franklin Park and to Forest Hills cemetery, while to the right, and almost within sight, is the Arnold Arboretum, which is to be visited on the homeward route.



The car here runs off at an acute angle from Washington street, leaving that interminable thoroughfare to continue its straight course over the hills into Dedham, while the electric road follows the valley around through Hyde Park. Mt. Hope cemetery is left off on the hillside to the left, and the township of Hyde Park is entered at Clarendon Hills. All the way to Hyde Park Centre the wooded ridge of hills is kept in sight on the right, the houses become more scattered and the country greener and more charming.

From Hyde Park square a branch may be taken off to the northeast, about two miles to Mattapan, on the edge of Boston. An eight-cent check transfers one to this line. From Mattapan a walk of a mile or a trifle more will bring one to Dorchester Lower Mills, at the chocolate factories on the Neponset River, whence a line of electrics runs back to the city through Ashmont. Still another branch from Hyde Park runs due south about a mile to Readville, a village in Hyde Park best known now for its trotting track, but well remembered by thousands of veterans as the situation of a famous rendezvous camp for Massachusetts soldiers in the war of the Rebellion. The old camp ground is about half a mile distant from the electric track, and not in sight. Many pretty cottages have been built on the camping field, but remains of the old barracks can yet be found. Continuing on board the car to Dedham Centre, however, will be found a most enjoyable ride, without any additional fare. A pretty residence street is followed out of the Centre past the end of the Stony Brook Reservation, a part of the Metropolitan Park system, to Cotton Mill Pond, which is nothing more nor less than a widening in the pretty little Mother Brook—the connecting link between the Neponset and the Charles rivers. Just beyond a view is obtained to the left of the Milton Hills, at close range, but still true to their name, and holding fast to their distinctive blue tone. On the summit of the highest hill the weather observatory is plainly in sight.

Now thick woods wall the road on the left, and opposite, the bright green meadows along the stream undulate like a sea in the summer breeze. On the farther bank, on the rising ground, a passing glimpse is had of Fairview cemetery. As the car mounts the hill a backward glance takes in Hyde Park and the Blue Hills once more, and the line is crossed into East Dedham. The car swings to the left through the little square of the village, and, still following the brook in its windings, runs on past picturesque old-fashioned residences

down the hill into the centre of the town onto Washington street once again. Here the electric line ends, and, if the traveller has started in the forenoon, the hotels and restaurants near at hand afford any form of refreshment, from a sandwich to a full-course dinner.

From Dedham the route runs back to Forest Hills on the steam road via West Roxbury, and in looking up the trains care should be taken not to return on the other side of the loop, which almost parallels the electric line just covered through Hyde Park. Any time that remains before the train departs may be pleasantly passed in a short ramble through the streets of the town, visiting the handsome new court house and the pretty little library building. The town is full of picturesque old houses in any direction that one may turn, and no wait for train connection can be long enough to become tedious. To see the ancient Fairbanks house is worth a trip to Dedham.

It is a pity that no electric line connects Dedham more directly with West Roxbury and Forest Hills, as it is by all odds the most attractive country on this circuit. At present, however, the sparseness of the population along the way, the very feature which conduces to the attractiveness of the district from a tourist's point of view, appears to preclude the establishment of such a line. No doubt in time a road will be put through, with a view to opening the country, and thus induce an increase of inhabitants along the way, thus creating a paying business. Today this lovely country, in which lie many traditions of Colonial and later days, must be passed quickly over on the steam train. The best part of the scenery and points of interest lie on the left-hand side in going toward Boston, and a seat on that side of the car will be found most advantageous. The first picture spread out by nature on leaving Dedham is the bit of meadow and woods reaching out along the Charles toward Needham and Newton. It was not far from here on a continuation of this same meadow and down by the Charles River, just in the edge of West Roxbury, that the celebrated Brook Farm colony struggled so hard for its existence and a better civilization. It was not so many years ago, indeed, that this whole section was a farming country. Spring Street and West Roxbury stations are passed, with all their beautiful surroundings, and as Central station is neared, a white church can be descried among the trees. In this unpretentious temple Theodore Parker once preached to a congregation which, though necessarily small, he considered "good church-going people and good listeners." Ros-

lindale station is next reached and passed, and just beyond, the grounds of the Arnold Arboretum begin. Going over this part of the route one crosses the substantial bridge erected after the frightful railroad accident some years ago.

From Forest Hills a walk is planned over the Parkway as far as the traveller feels able to continue, even into the city if desired—a distance of five or six miles. A walk of from one to two miles is here laid down, but it may be omitted and the train continued with into Park Square. It is but a minute's walk up from the track on the left-hand side to the Arborway, which runs down the valley alongside the Arboretum and over to Jamaica Plain. Here the Arborway merges into Jamaica way, leading along the southeastern shore line of Jamaica Pond to Pond street. This is about a mile from Forest Hills, and, if it is desired, a little walk down Pond street to the right will bring one to the Soldiers' Monument on Centre street and to the electric line for town. On the other hand, if endurance is still good, and the traveller is thirsting for more of the Parkway and its constantly changing panorama, let him mount the hill and wind along the boulevard down into the valley to Leverett Pond, cross the stream opposite the hospital to the Brookline side, and so on to Huntington avenue, where it intersects the Parkway. Another mile has thus been covered, and another avenue of choice between walking and riding is opened by the Huntington avenue cars to town.

It is still possible to continue over the parks through the Riverway along the bank of Muddy River to Longwood avenue, and another car line; or, farther still, over the Fenway through the Back Bay Fens to Massachusetts avenue, and more cars; or, continuing down Commonwealth avenue through the Public Garden and the Common, and leaving the parks behind under the shadow of the "Brimstone Corner" spire, at the starting point of the morning. The walk from Forest Hills to Huntington avenue, about two miles, will be enough to satisfy the average holiday maker, it is believed, and, by taking a blue car here for the Tremont House, a trip of three miles for a five-cent fare, the round can be completed without undue fatigue, and within the allotted four hours. On the way into the city the House of the Good Shepherd is passed on the left, the outer edge of the Fenway Park farther on, the Circus Ground, the Children's Hospital, the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association building, and so across Copley Square and directly down town. This completes about as comfortable a half-day trip as is to be had in this vicinity.

FIFTH TRIP.



A Half-Holiday

Trip to Revere Beach

*—Route of Paul Revere's Historic Ride Followed to Medford—
Malden and Its Suburbs, Picturesque
Revere, the Beach, Chelsea, the
Upper Harbor and Navy Yard
Included on this Ride of
Seventeen Miles.*



ON THE FIRST TRIP of this series the immediate suburbs north of Boston were somewhat slightly passed over on the steam train to Malden, in an effort to plunge at once into the more rural sections of the country. In this chapter an effort will be made to make amends for that hasty departure, and the intermediate towns more closely associated with the Hub, geographically and politically, will be visited. It is one of the shorter car trips, being well adapted to a half-holiday outing, but the public should be warned against undertaking this, of all rides, on a Sunday or a holiday, if it is deemed desirable to travel in comparative peace and comfort. It includes no steam train stage, and it has for its goal a stretch of sand and sea unsurpassed in its native beauty — Revere Beach. Unhappily, the proximity of this beach to the neighboring cities has brought about a state of affairs there not at all alluring to the æsthetic eye and mind. Happily, on the other hand, its environs and great natural beauties have been appreciated by those makers of public pleasure grounds of the noblest

sort, the Metropolitan Park Commissioners, and by their guiding hands nature is to be led back to this jewel that is to shine for the true benefit of all the people and for all time. Those who prefer to be utterly improvident on such an outing, and who will disregard all time schedules as made by the railway corporations, trusting to luck to make up any loss on their own schedules in the chance enjoyments of the way, will find four hours ample time in which to make the round. For those who enjoy trying to make close connections along the way, three hours will be sufficient, and close figurers may even shade that a quarter of an hour. Five distinct lines of cars have to be taken on this round, with a walk of something less than a mile and a ferry trip of a mile added. The round trip fare is twenty-eight cents and the total distance seventeen miles.

For one who travels watch in hand and with an eye for making close connections, it may be suggested that, although the cars over the first six miles of the route run every ten minutes, those leaving Scollay square at twenty minutes past the hour take one through with a minimum of delay. Should any hitch occur, however, to interfere with the running time, it will be cheering to know that, if one is thus cast in with the improvident travellers, the waiting points are not totally devoid of interest and that in some instances they are sufficiently enchanting to entice one to tarry longer. To begin the journey, then, one should take a mustard-colored car at Scollay square marked Charlestown on the dashboards and Winter Hill and Medford overhead. For a five cent fare this car takes one to Medford square, a distance of six miles, most of the way over historic ground. The way leads down Cornhill, through Adams square, past the statue of Samuel Adams, and, as the car turns left into Washington street, a glimpse of the western end of Faneuil Hall is had to the right at the foot of Dock square. To the stranger, these are especially interesting points to note, as all were so intimately connected with the Revolutionary war, the approach of which Paul Revere gave warning of, riding over a part of the route which today is traversed by the "broomstick train." Through Haymarket square, where the northern terminus of the Subway is to rise, the car moves on past the old Boston & Maine railroad station and the fortress-like station of the Fitchburg road guarding the entrance to the Charles River, and over Warren bridge into City square, Charlestown. Here on the left is the building which was once the administrative headquarters of the city of Charlestown before it became a part of the greater Boston. It was near this

point also that Paul Revere stood on that April morning watching for the signal lights in the North Church tower,

"Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm."

Crossing the square, the car runs toward the hill whereon the battle of June 17 was fought which in reality was Breed's Hill, but fate decreed that it should be known in history as Bunker Hill. Just after passing the Catholic church on the right, if the traveller will look up the hill through one of the side streets, the tall granite shaft of the monument on the battle ground will be seen towering above the city. The car emerges presently upon Main street, over which Revere rode, and just before reaching Sullivan square, a point known in Revolutionary days as Charlestown Neck, the true Bunker Hill will be seen rising on the right. It is now crowned by a pretty park, which unfortunately is not visible from the car. It was here near the Neck that Revere was headed off by two British officers, and from whom he escaped by making a slight detour from his path, regaining the Medford road just beyond in what is now the prettiest part of the City of Somerville, the Winter Hill district. The car passes Broadway Park on the right and mounts Winter Hill, where are found the finest residences in that city. On gaining the top of the hill, the car bears away to the right, and leaving Somerville, plunges downward to the Mystic River, which winds its way through broad marshes. It is a level road on into Medford. The old Mystic race track and its picturesque road house lie to the right, and to the left across the open the buildings of Tufts College crowning the hill stand out against the sky. A little farther on, standing back in the fields on the left, is the Royal mansion of Colonial date where Revere must have called on that memorable ride, and a little farther on is the bridge, "spanning the Mystic's tide," over which he rode "into Medford town." It is not the same bridge, to be sure, but the poetry and fervor of the day and deed are preserved in the new and more enduring stone of the modern structure. From here the messenger of liberty struck off to the west toward Arlington and Lexington, and the traveller by electric goes east.

Medford square lies just across the bridge, and one is fairly within the pale of the land of Medford rum. No suggestion is given by the narrow stream just crossed that this town was once an important ship building centre. It is a fact, nevertheless, that the first ship's keel laid in this part of the Western world was

stretched here in 1631 under the direction of Governor Winthrop and she was launched on July 4 of that year, a date that in less than two centuries was to see the launching of this country's independence. Until the time of the civil war, ships continued to be built here. This was also Governor Winthrop's residence, known as Ten Hills. A change of cars is made at the square for the line to Malden, the cars on which leave on the hour and half hour. The fare is five cents for the pleasant ride of two miles along the southerly edge of the Middlesex Fells region, through a residential street to Malden station. Another change is then made to the car for Linden, a suburb of Malden. This line is a half-hourly one, the cars leaving the Boston & Maine crossing at quarter before and quarter past the hour. It is about two miles and a quarter to Linden station on the Saugus branch, a ride of twenty minutes, for which another five cent fare is necessary. The car travels the old Lynn and Salem turnpike built under the shadow of the ledgy hill which rises abruptly on the left—the connecting link between the Fells country and the Saugus hills. One does not continue on this car to the end of its route, and the conductor should be asked to give warning on arriving at Beech street. This is the nearest point to Linden station and a walk of five minutes or less down the street to the right across the Boston & Maine tracks brings one to the very outskirts of Malden and the township of Revere.

It is at this point that a long wait may be found compulsory unless a calculation on connections has been made beforehand, for the cars leave the boundary line for the beach fifteen minutes before every hour only. One might travel much farther, however, and fail to find a spot commanding more interesting scenery. The traveller must await the car on the very borders of the great downs which fade away to the left in the Saugus hills and across Pine River into the smoke from the hundreds of factory chimneys of Lynn. It is a vast level sea of green and all the varied colors of the marsh, with occasional islands and promontories of oaks making out from the Revere side. To the right of Lynn, the ocean is seen, a burnished mirror, with little Nahant and the Point of Pines in the framing. Over on the other side of the road, the meadows stretch back to a belt of beautiful great trees, and the farms and orchards on the higher land toward Revere Centre. Having boarded the car bound for the shore, it is only a matter of twenty minutes of riding to the end of the line. If the landscape from the roadside by the meadow was beautiful, how much more so is that

which unrolls itself in a panorama along the way across Revere. This is a farming section, and market gardens of great richness and productiveness lie on either hand. The land rises and falls like a rolling prairie, but every square foot is blooming with thrifty vegetation. The combined influences of the summer sun, the sea air and the rich soil give to these fields a brilliancy which is wanting on the inland farms. Cabbages, onions and other truck, when thus flourishing by the acre, lose their utilitarian aspect and lend themselves to the pictorial sense as readily as do the fine old fruit orchards and ancient farm houses. Lost in the enjoyment of these scenes, it seems but the twinkling of an eye before the car stops just above the beach and the traveller is compelled to find his way afoot down the sands, Bostonward, to Crescent Beach.

During the season, there is a line of electric cars which travel up and down the length of the beach from Point of Pines on the north to Beachmont on the south, so that one can easily escape walking here for a five cent fare, or for ten cents can make the run out to the Pines and back, seeing all the sights. As was suggested at the outset, the sights are many though not edifying, but it is easy for one to see what this beach was twenty years ago, and what it is soon to be again under the State park control. The project is to remove all the unsightly pasteboard structures from the beach, to move the railroads back and to construct a boulevard on what is now the roadbed of the narrow gauge line, the reservation to include the entire sweep of the sands from the Pines to Beachmont. Many will hail the coming of that happy day with delight. It is difficult to realize today that this was once a favorite shore resort for the best class of people. The sands alone, purified by the scouring tides, retain the freshness of those old days.

A walk of twenty minutes along the beach brings one to Crescent Beach station, the starting point of the cars for Chelsea, which leave every ten minutes. This route of two miles and a half takes one through Revere Centre and completely across Chelsea to Chelsea square. The latter town has been proverbially dead for many years but, to one coming to it from sleepy Revere, it has every appearance of being much alive. Alighting at the square, the traveller walks down Winnisimmet street on the left, and, paying a toll of three cents, embarks upon the ferry for Boston. It is a mile across the head of the harbor from the mouth of the Mystic River, opening under the drawbridge on the right of the ferry slip, to the mouth of the Charles on the Boston side. Dur-

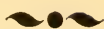
ing the voyage of ten minutes, the ship yards and docks of East Boston are passed on the left, and on the right the grain elevator of the Boston & Maine Railroad, one of the largest in the East, is passed, and then the Charlestown Navy Yard with its old ship houses and the battery, and the receiving ship Wabash lying off the dock and fast locked in the mud washed about her by the currents from the rivers.

The boat lands the traveller at the North End and but a short distance from Christ Church in whose tower the signal lights were hung which warned Revere of the movements of the British troops. Here, too, is Copp's Hill Burying Ground, the resting place of many of Boston's old families. If one does not care to visit these historic points, cars may be taken from the ferry for uptown and for the southern railroads and the Union Station, and the trip brought to a comfortable close.



Lynn Marshes.

SIXTH TRIP.



*Short Runs
to Arlington Heights
— Harvard University Ob-
servatory and Botanic Gardens
Visited en Route—Spy Pond, Arlington
Village and a Climb Up the
Heights for the View—A
Sixteen-Mile Trip for
Twenty Cents.*



PROVIDING THAT ONE who has followed these articles has clung religiously to the way laid down, but a small part of any of the previous routes will be repeated on this journey. In coming home from Waltham on the second trip the traveller was taken from Harvard square to Boston by way of the Harvard Bridge, but it was suggested that it was also possible to travel over the West Boston Bridge, and so into Bowdoin square. On the present occasion the start is to be made from Bowdoin square on a Concord avenue and Huron avenue car. This takes one through the edge of the old West End to the Charles river, where, leaving the attractive Charlesbank park, with its open air gymnasiums, on the right the car goes over the West Boston bridge, one of the oldest in the city, to Cambridge. Across the broad basin to the left lies the Back Bay district, with its towers, domes and spires cutting into the vault of the sky above the solid squares of handsome residences, and on a calm day the quiet water reflects this panorama charmingly. Beyond the

Harvard Bridge, whose graceful arches may be seen spanning the flood, rises Corey Hill in Brookline. To the right of the car the river flows down past East Cambridge, under bridge after bridge to the harbor. Just across West Boston Bridge the manufacturing section of the city of Cambridge is entered and a little farther on, at the Cambridge end of the Harvard Bridge, the short section of duplicated road is reached. It is a ride that bears repetition, however, through Central square, past the handsome City Hall and under the long line of elms into Harvard square. Here the car leaves Massachusetts avenue and passes along the western side of Cambridge Common and directly under the overhanging branches of the elm beneath which General George Washington assumed command of the colonial army. The old tree, in spite of the tenderest nursing and bandaging, is fast falling a victim to the decay of its years, and ere long must pass into the traditions and history of the city as something grand that once was. Concord avenue is soon reached, and as the car begins to ascend the gently rising ground, the Harvard Observatory enclosure will be seen on the right, closely screened from the outer world by thick trees and shrubbery. This is the point at which to alight. The first four miles have been covered in half an hour, and for the price of five cents.

Following along the old wooden fence up the avenue one comes, when having passed about half its length, to an inconspicuous gate which bears the warning, "No crossing." It may be said, however, that the visitor who will give his pledge to comport himself with dignity while within the enclosure may open the gate and walk fearlessly in. Unfortunately one cannot inspect the interiors of the several buildings here to be found, with their wealth of scientific apparatus; for, even during the hours of sunlight, the corps is busy with its minute and elaborate labors, and cannot be disturbed by sight-seers. The grounds are in themselves sufficiently beautiful, nevertheless, to be worthy of a visit, and one's imagination has a chance for play in attempting to guess what all those little dome-topped telescope houses can be for. The path from the gate leads around the main building and down to the broad drive which takes one to the main gate on Garden street opposite the head of Linnæan street. Just across the way is the Botanic Garden connected with the university, and by following the fence along Garden street the entrance gate is found. The sign on this portal is not so forbidding as that to the observatory grounds,

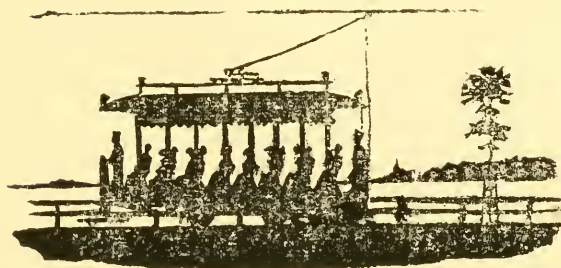
and only small children unattended by adults, and dogs, are reminded that this is no place for them. An indefinite time may be passed here with pleasure and profit in wandering through the conservatories, where there are found the strange growths of tropic lands and a splendid collection of weirdly fascinating orchids, and in studying the varieties of tree, shrub and flower growing in the gardens.

Exit is to be had only through the gate by which one enters, so that it will be easy to find one's way back to Linnæan street. A walk of ten minutes down this pretty street brings one again to Massachusetts avenue, where a car is to be taken for Arlington Heights. While waiting for a car (they run once every fifteen or twenty minutes) a suggestion may be made for extending the trip a little. If there is no objection to a slight deviation, one may continue with the first car, a short distance farther on, out Concord avenue, past the observatory to the end of the route at the corner of Huron avenue and Fresh Pond Lane. A short walk along the lane brings one to Kingsley Park, a pine-covered bluff extending out into Fresh Pond. This can easily be included in the trip and the stop made at the observatory on the way back from the pond. Ten cents will thus be added to the cost of the trip, but Fresh Pond is worthy of such a modest outlay.

From Linnæan street to Arlington Heights is a distance of a little more than four miles, and the fare is five cents. Until a short time ago, however, it cost five cents from any point to the Arlington town boundary, and five cents more to go to points beyond. Today the boundary simply marks the end of the five-cent ride for through passengers for Boston. The old elm by the roadside and Alewife Brook are passed, and the car enters Arlington. A short distance farther on the waters of Spy Pond are discovered shimmering through the trees, and across the water the hills of Belmont rise. Arlington Centre is reached and the townhouse passed on the right, while across the way the handsome new public library is seen. The land rises quickly from the centre on either hand, the hills over against Winchester on the right and Arlington Heights on the left. Along the way through Arlington one notices the granite monuments by the curbing which tell of the deeds of the men of Menotomy, as the place was then called, on that stirring 19th of April, 1775. This is on the road to Lexington and Concord, and while the little village of Menotomy did not see much of the fighting of the day, it nevertheless fell a victim to the invaders and its men took an active part in the defence of the land.

At the Heights a comfortable luncheon may be had in a neat little restaurant near by, and the physical forces prepared for a walk up the long hill. It is a fifteen-minute jog up to the height of land where the huge standpipe crowns the hill, commanding a view for miles in all directions almost equal to that from Prospect Hill in Waltham, which was visited on the second trip. This may be considered as the western end of the journey, unless one is desirous of taking the steam train from the Arlington Heights station, near the electric car terminus, for a run of three miles up to Lexington. This can readily be done if the train schedule is consulted in advance and due allowance made for the ride by electric and the calls along the way. In returning homeward from the Heights, also, some may like to vary the trip by taking the steam train. If so, the fare will be sixteen cents and the run be shortened by half an hour. By electric back to the city, eight miles and a half, the fare is ten cents, and a full hour is required for the run.

This trip affords a pleasing variety of scenery, with agreeable short walks so interspersed as to break up any monotony of riding. From three to five hours may be consumed on this trip, according to the length of time spent at the points of call, and the cost will be twenty cents if the electrics are adhered to all the way, or twenty six cents if the steam train is taken on the homeward end, and fifty cents if Lexington is included. It is further suggested that strangers may find it convenient to visit the colleges on the return run of this trip, and further vary the route by taking finally a car for Boston over Broadway and through East Cambridge to the Union Station and so to Bowdoin square. Such a stop would not increase the cost of the journey, as one fare of five cents would be paid from the Heights to Harvard square, and another of equal amount into Boston, instead of a single ten-cent fare for the unbroken run.



SEVENTH TRIP.



*An Even-
ing Ride to City
Point, Marine Park and Castle
Island, With a Call at Dorchester
Heights — A Round Trip of
Seven Miles for Ten
Cents.*



FOR THOSE WHO LOVE the sea, and for those who visit the city from inland points, a trip to Marine Park and Castle Island cannot fail to be appreciated. It is an easy afternoon or evening trip, allowing half an hour each way on the cars, and at least an hour for enjoying the salt sea air at the Point. If one makes this trip by day, provided it is not on a Sunday or holiday, there need be no fear of finding a crowd at this popular pleasure ground. On the other hand, if one wishes to take the ride under the most pleasing conditions, it would be well to wait until the evening has settled down and the dense black shadows beyond the glare of the great arc lights soften or hide the rougher and less pleasing spots in the landscape. One then travels across the peninsula under the long colonnade of arching elms along Broadway, with the shops on both sides illuminated as for a carnival, while the less attractive sections are passed unnoticed in the semi-darkness. The Point, on a pleasant summer evening, also is a delight to a poetic mind, and the thousands of promenaders and their merry laughter are among the delightful features of the place.

How to reach there is easily told. Watch for a crimson car marked "City Point, South Boston, via Broadway." These are to be found at the Union Station, at Park square, Adams square and Post Office square. It is a matter of about three miles—a half-hour ride—from any one of these points to Marine Park, and the fare is five cents. The terminus of the car line is at the southwestern approach to the park, the point where the Strandway boulevard and promenade are to connect, after following along the shore of Dorchester Bay from Franklin Park. This is a work as yet but barely started, and Marine Park itself is one of the newest works in the park system. On alighting from the car the park is found to lie on the right extending down to the beach, the Marine Pier running out into Dorchester Bay on the south, and on the north the long bridge connecting old Fort Independence on Castle Island with the park. In the evening, when the grounds are lighted and the shipping in the harbor and the fleet of yachts in Dorchester Bay are showing riding lights, a pretty picture is here spread out.

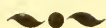
The walk across the park, past the bronze statue of that old naval hero, Admiral Farragut, and over the bridge to the fort, will require about fifteen minutes, and if one does not care to linger on the benches overlooking the sea, a complete circuit of the island can be made in another quarter of an hour. Most people, however, will enjoy a rest beneath the fine old trees on the parade, or beside the grassy bombproofs under the shadow of the granite parapets. To the north is the main ship channel of the harbor, through which every class of craft, from a stone sloop to an ocean liner, plies back and forth during the daylight hours, and in the evening the great harbor steamers make music there with their swiftly turning paddle-wheels. On the south is the mouth of Dorchester Bay, with Thompson's Island and its Farm School just across. Eastward are the lower harbor and its islands, while Long Island and its lighthouse are directly ahead. Returning to the mainland one should cross the park along the head of the beach, past the boathouse and the new refectory building, to the street which runs westward nearest the Dorchester Bay shore. A short walk of a block up this street past the several yacht club houses brings one to a corner where a car for town, via Bay View, can be taken. This line skirts the Dorchester Bay shore and passes around the base of that eminence, known in Colonial times as Dorchester Heights, and now as Telegraph Hill, where Washington planted his guns at the siege of Boston and drove out the British garrison. A

little open green, known as Thomas Park, and a high service reservoir of the water department, now crown the summit, and if one chooses to visit this vantage point a stop should be made at Old Harbor street, at the head of which the park is situated. The Bay View cars continue into town by way of Scollay square, and some, those marked East Cambridge, go to the Union Station. In riding up the shore a watch to the left across the bay will show the pumping station of the city sewerage department.



The Farragut Statue.

EIGHTH TRIP.



*How
to Visit Franklin
Park for a Short Tramp
Or An Inexpensive Carriage Drive—
Round Trip of Six Miles
by Car for Ten
Cents.*



EVERYONE WHO VISITS Boston will wish to make a pilgrimage to Franklin Park in West Roxbury. For the benefit of visitors to the city a brief paragraph will be devoted to telling something of the history of this country park. It is situated three miles and a half southeasterly of Boston Common, and has an area of 518 acres, exclusive of the surrounding streets, which, when added, makes a total of 545 acres. Central Park in New York contains 862 acres. The greater portion of this tract was acquired by the city about twelve years ago and the work of construction was begun in 1886. The site comprises several cleared farms and the forest growth formerly known as the Roxbury Woods, a rugged region of hills and dales, ledges, woods and meadows, commanding fine near, distant and middle views. The naming of the park was in honor of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, a part of his bequest to the city being used in the purchase of the land. In general landscape effect the park is a broad dale winding between low, wooded slopes, giving a wide expanse of unbroken turf lost in the distance beneath scattered trees.

The little journey to the park is one of great popularity with Bostonians of every walk in life. It should be made during the hours between sunrise and sunset, as the great country park is supposed to be closed at other times. Even the non-pedestrian can take this trip and enjoy a five-mile carriage drive through the park for the additional sum of twenty-five cents. If one is content to walk a mile and a half through the shady woodpaths of the park, the round trip of six miles on the electrics and the little tramp may be done for a single dime. The start should be made on a Grove Hall car, via Warren street, from the Tremont House stand, whence it is a half-hour's run out to the junction of Warren street and Elm Hill avenue, where the pedestrian tour begins. If one prefers the carriage drive, the car should be held to out past the Grove Hall station and up Blue Hill avenue, if on a through car; otherwise transfer at Grove Hall for the park entrance, without extra charge; the Blue Hill avenue line will land the passenger at the stand of the park carriages, near the junction of Blue Hill avenue and Columbia street. For the benefit of those who choose the carriage trip, therefore, a brief outline of the route is given. The carriages pass down Glen lane, through the Valley Gates around the Playstead and the Overlook, then through the beautiful Wilderness, where a fine view of the Blue Hills is obtained, down through Ellicottdale and on to the summit of Scarboro Hill, finally passing around the chain of ponds near Canterbury street and back to the starting point. One may desert the carriage, however, at the point where the circuit drive emerges from Ellicottdale to the Arborway entrance, and a short walk takes one to the Forest Hills Station, and the cars to Boston.

To resume the walking trip, the way leads up Elm Hill avenue past some of the prettiest residences in the city, a five-minute walk only, to Seaver street, beyond which lies Franklin Park. Nearly opposite Elm Hill avenue an old path leads down into the park and joins one of the main drives. This path is as old as the settlement of Boston, and is a part of the old Indian trail over which the settlers journeyed in visiting between Plymouth and Trimount. Bits of this trail can still be followed a long distance by the knowing ones. One should take the trail from Seaver street down to the drive and there bearing to the right, cross the grassy playstead to the refectory building on the Overlook, which can be seen peeping through the trees. Light refreshments can be had at the Overlook, and

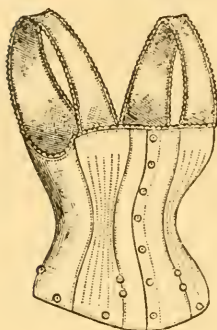
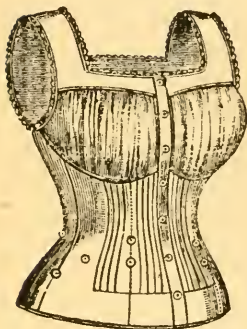
by consulting the map fixed against the wall, the course can be laid out through the Wilderness and Ellicottdale to the Forest Hills entrance. It is a delightful tramp of about a mile through the woods and valley, coming out opposite the main entrance to Forest Hills Cemetery on Morton street. Bearing to the right down Morton street, a five-minute walk brings one to Washington street, where the steam train or electrics can be taken to town. Just across the railroad tracks is the Arnold Arboretum and the chain of parks and parkways extending through Jamaica Plain, Brookline, Longwood and the Back Bay to the Common. The route back to Boston from Forest Hills is the same as that described on the outward route of the fourth trip.



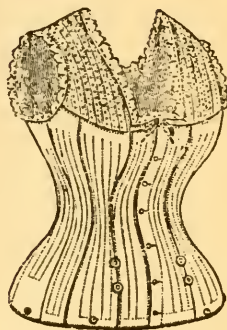
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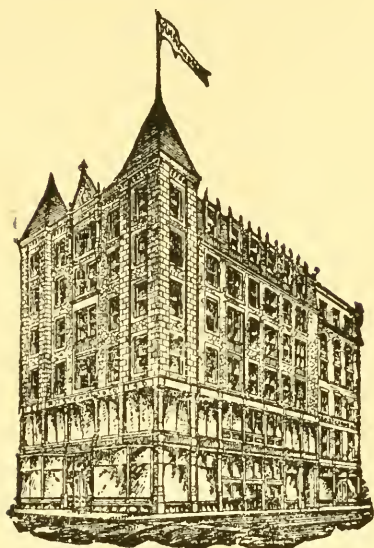
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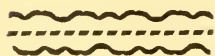
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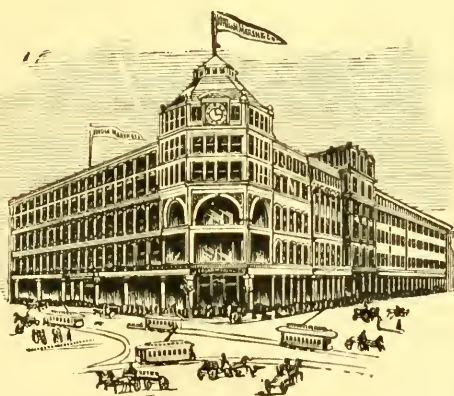
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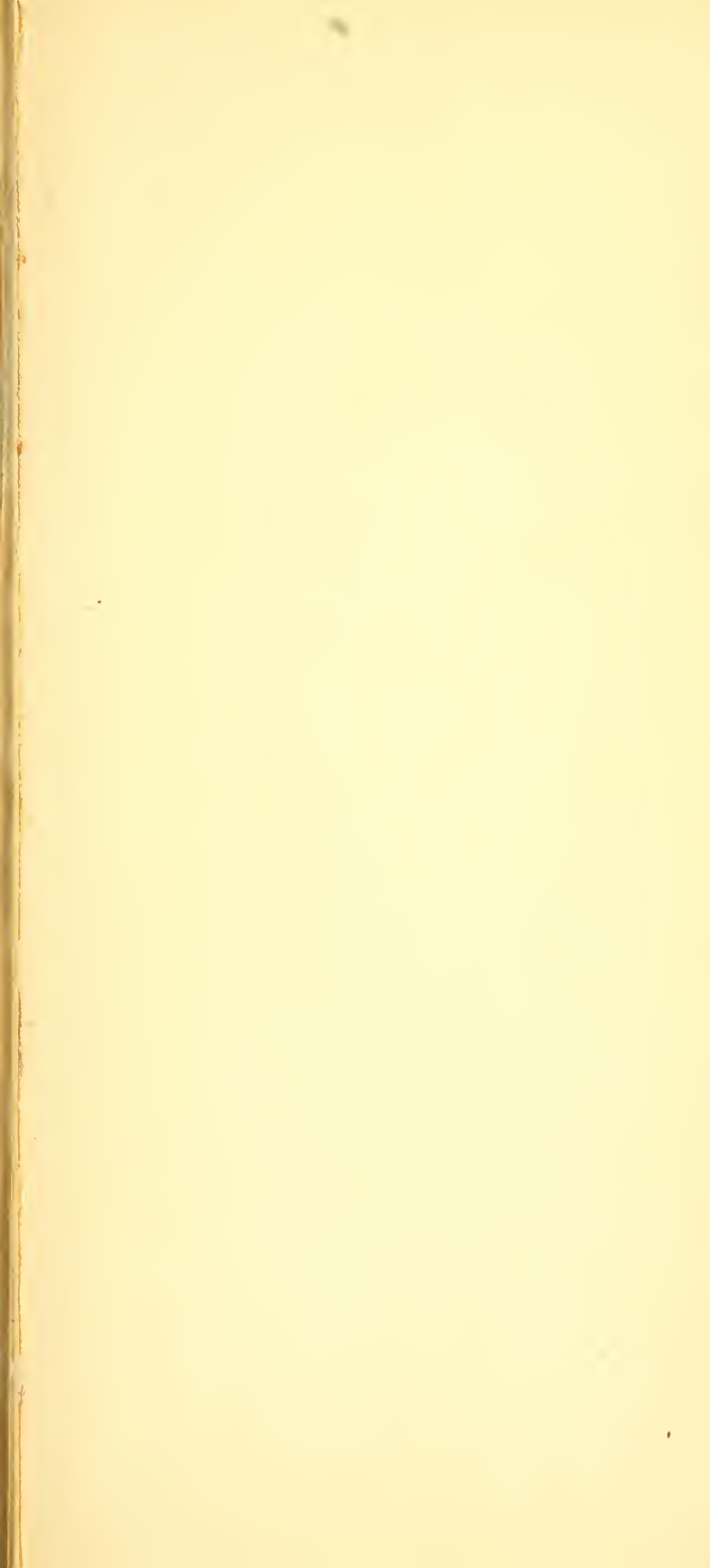
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